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ARE ROSES BLOWING?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. S. COREY.

Avails it that the golden fruits
Of tropic lands bend over?
Or rainbow bird aye sings and floats,
And builds and broods above her?
Or over beds of purple bloom
The restless wild bees hover?
What song shall thrill her through the tomb?
What glory move her?

What summer skies shall glow for her
Whose sun has passed its setting?
What wave with mystic numbers stir
Her strange and deep forgetting?
What heed hath she for flesh and gleam
Of rainbow plumage flitting,
To whom alike are cloud and beam
And tempest-fretting?

How shall she mark the changing light
Of morn, and noon, and even,
Whose day wanes never more to night
On summer hills of heaven?
Or clasp the chain of circling years
To earth's drear bondage given,
Her fetters forged of time and tears
Once snapped and riven?

Yet softly smile, oh bending skies,
Above that charmed sleep!
Flow, rivers, though our darling lies
Unstirred by all your leaping!
The spell of all things bright may stay
Love's wild and bitter weeping,
Poured over mute unconscious clay,
Strange silence keeping.

Blush, roses, o'er the quiet breast!
Sing, birds, and sweetly hover!
Live your glad lives above the rest
That crowns a life now over!
In that far land of summer sheen,
In hearts that bleed and quiver,
Her memory and her grave are green
And bright forever.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

PROLOGUE.

THE CASCABEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPEDITION.

The story begins on May 5, 1805, in one of the wildest and most abrupt portions of New Spain, which now forms the State of Coahuila, belonging to the Mexican Confederation.

If the reader will have the kindness to take a glance at a numerous cavalcade, which is debouching from a canon and scaling at a gallop the scarped side of a rather lofty hill, on the top of which stands an aldea, or village of Indians, he will at the same time form the acquaintance of several of our principal characters, and the country in which the events recorded in this narrative occurred.

This cavalcade was composed of fifteen individuals in all; ten of them were lancers, attired in that yellow uniform which procured them the nickname of *tamorudos*.

These soldiers were exasperated by the people, in consequence of their cruelty. They advanced in good order, commanded by a subaltern and an alferce—an old trooper who had grown gray in harness, who had long white moustachios and a disagreeable face. As he galloped on, he looked around him with the careless, wearied air of a man for whom the future reserves no hopes either of ambition, love, or fortune.

About twenty pages from this little band, and just so far ahead that their remarks reached the soldiers' ears in a completely incomprehensible fashion, three persons, two men and a woman, were riding side by side.

The first was a gentleman of about thirty years of age, commanding stature; his harsh, haughty, and menacing features were rendered even more gloomy by a deep scar of a livid hue which commenced on his right temple and divided his face into two nearly equal parts.

This man, who was dressed in the sumptuous costume of the Mexican *campeones*, which he wore with far from common grace, was named Don Annibal de Saldibar, and was considered the richest hacendado in the province.

His companion, who kept slightly in the rear, doubtless through respect, was a civilized Indian, with a quick eye, aquiline nose, and a wide mouth lined with two rows of dazzling white teeth. His countenance indicated intelligence and bravery. He was short and robust, and the almost disproportioned development of his muscles gave an enormous width to his limbs. This individual must assuredly be endowed with extraordinary strength. His attire, not nearly as rich as that of the hacendado, displayed a certain pretension to elegance, which was an extraordinary thing in an Indian.

This man's name was Pedro Sotavento, and he was mayor-domo to Don Annibal.

As we have said, the third person was a



THE BARRICADE.

female. Although it was easy to see, through the juvenile grace of her movements and her taper waist, that she was still very young, she was so discreetly hidden behind gauze and muslin veils, in order to protect her from the burning heat of the sun which was then at its zenith, that it was impossible to distinguish her features. Long black locks escaped from beneath her broad-brimmed vicuna hat, and fell in profusion on her pink and white shoulders, which were scarcely veiled by a China crappe robe.

At the moment when we approach these three persons they were conversing together with considerable animation.

"No," Don Annibal said, with a frown, as he smote the pommel of his saddle, "it is not possible, I cannot believe in so much audacity on the part of these Indian brutes. You must have been deceived, Sotavento."

The mayor-domo grinned knowingly, and buried his head between his shoulders with a motion which was habitual to him.

"You will see, mi amo," he replied, in a honeyed voice, "my information is positive.

"What?" the hacendado continued with increased fury, "they would really attempt resistance! Why, they must be mad!"

"Not so much as you suppose, mi amo; the aldea is large and contains at least three thousand collos."

"What matter? Suppose there were twice as many is not one Spaniard as good as ten Indians?"

"In the open, perhaps so."

"What is that you say—perhaps?" Don Annibal exclaimed, turning sharply round, and giving his mayor-domo a glance of supreme contempt. "Really, Soto-mayoress, your Indian origin involuntarily abuses your judgment by making you regard things differently from what they really are."

"No, mi amo. The Indian origin with which you reproach me, on the contrary, makes me judge the situation healthily; and, believe me, it is far more serious than you imagine."

These words were uttered in a serious tone, which caused the proud Spaniard to reflect.

Pedro Sotavento had been in his service for a long time. He knew that he was brave and incapable of being intimidated by threats or rodomontade. Moreover, he had always been kind to him, and believed himself sure of his devotion, hence he continued in a milder key—

"That is the reason, then, why you insisted so strongly on my taking an escort when we passed the Fort of Agua Verde?"

"Yes, mi amo," he replied, giving the soldiers a glance of singular expression. "I should have liked it to be more numerous."

"Nonsense, had it not been through consideration for the senora, whom I am anxious not to terrify in her present condition, I would not have accepted a single soldier. We alone are more than sufficient to chastise the scoundrels, were there a thousand of them."

"Don Annibal," the young lady here said in a soft and harmonious voice, "the contempt you profess for these poor people is unjust. Though they are of a different color from us, and almost devoid of intellect, they are men for all that, and as such have a claim on our pity."

"Very good, senora," the hacendado answered savagely; "take their part against me; that will not fail to produce an excellent effect."

"I take no person's part, Don Annibal," she continued, with a slight tremor in her voice. "I merely offer an opinion which I consider correct, that is all. But your outbursts of passion terrify me; perhaps it would have been better to leave me at the hacienda, as I expressed a desire."

"My family are never insulted with impunity, senora; I wished you to witness the vengeance which I intend taking for the insult offered to you."

"I made no complaint to you, Don Annibal. The slight insult I received, even admitting that it was an insult, does not deserve so terrible a punishment as you propose to inflict on these unhappy creatures. Take care, Don Annibal. These men whom, in your Castilian pride, you obstinately insist on ranking with the brute beasts and treating as such, will grow weary one day. They already feel a profound hatred for you. The Indians are vindictive, and may wait, perhaps, for twenty years the opportunity to repay you the evil you have done them; but then their vengeance will be frightful."

"Enough, senora," the hacendado said roughly; "but while waiting for this vengeance with which you menace me in their name, I mean to treat them as they deserve."

The young lady bowed her head, and made no further remark.

"Oh!" the mayor-domo said, with a grin of mockery, "you can strike without fear, mi amo. The Indians have been too long accustomed to bend their necks for them ever to feel any desire to draw themselves up, and bite the hand which chastises them."

These words were uttered with an accent which would have caused Don Annibal to reflect seriously, had he not been so infatuated about his real or supposed superiority over the unfortunate race that formed the subject of the conversation we have just reported.

The opinion expressed by the hacendado was not so courageous as it might appear to an European. The Spanish name was at this period surrounded by such a prestige; the hapless Indians were reduced to such a state of degrading servitude and brutalization; they seemed to have so thoroughly recognized the superiority of their oppressors, that the latter did not even take the trouble to hide the contempt with which these degenerate remains of the powerful races they had vanquished in former times inspired them. They affected, under all circumstances, to make them feel all the weight of the yoke under which they bowed them.

Still, under present circumstances, the proud Spaniard committed a grave error. For this reason:

The Indians against whom he was marching at this moment were not attached by any tie to those whom three centuries of slavery had rendered submissive to the Spanish authority. They had only been settled for about thirty years, through their own free will, at the spot where they now were. This requires an explanation, which we will proceed to give, begging the reader to pardon this digression, which is indispensable for the comprehension of the facts which we have undertaken to recount.

There are races which seem destined by fate to disappear from the surface of the globe. The red race is of the number, for it has no fiercer enemy than itself.

The Indians, in lieu of making common cause against their oppressors, and trying to emancipate themselves from their tyranny, expend all their courage and energy in fratricidal contests of nation against nation, tribe against tribe, and thus help those who do all in their power to keep them down.

These contests are the more obstinate, because they take place between men of the same blood and even of the same family for originally frivolous causes, which, however, soon attain considerable importance, owing to the number of warriors who succumb to the rage and ferocity displayed on both sides.

Hence entire nations, formerly powerful, are gradually reduced to a few families, and in a relatively short period become entirely

extinct, the few surviving warriors seeking their safety in flight, or going to claim the protection of another nation with which they soon become blended.

Then a war began between these old friends, which threatened to be indefinitely prolonged; but one day the Red Buffaloes, being surprised by their enemies, were almost entirely exterminated, after a fight that lasted two days, and in which even the squaws took part.

The vanquished, reduced to about fifty warriors and the same number of women and children, sought safety in flight, but being hotly pursued, they were compelled to cross the Indian border, and seek a refuge upon Spanish territory.

Here they drew breath. The Spanish government allowed them to settle in the neighborhood of the Fort of Agua Verde, and granted them the right of self-government, while recognizing the authority of the King of Spain, and pledging themselves to be guilty of no exactions of any sort.

The Red Buffalo, pleased with the protection granted them, religiously carried out the conditions of the treaty; they built a village, became husbandmen, accepted the missionary sent to them, turned Christians, ostensibly at least, and lived on good terms with their white neighbors, among whom they speedily acquired the reputation of being quiet and honest people.

Unhappily, perfect happiness is not possible in this world, and the poor Indians soon learned this fact at their own expense.

The ground on which their wretched village stood was surrounded by the lands of the Hacienda del Barrio, which had belonged, ever since the conquest, to the Salabar family.

So long as Don Jose de Salabar was alive, with the exception of a few insignificant discussions, the Indians were tolerably at liberty; but when Don Annibal succeeded his father, matters at once altered.

Don Annibal signified to the chief cacique of the Red Buffalo, that he must allow himself to be a vassal, and consequently pay to him not only a tithe of his crops, and the capitulation tax, but also supply a certain number of his young men to work in the mines and guard the cattle.

The chief answered with a peremptory refusal, alleging that he was only dependent on the Spanish government, and recognized no other sovereign.

Don Annibal would not allow himself to be defeated; he organized against the Indians a system of dull annoyance for the purpose of compelling them to give way; he cut down their woods, sent his cattle to graze in their fields, and so on.

The Indians suffered without complaining. They were attached to their wretched huts and did not wish to quit them.

This patient resignation, this passive resistance exasperated Don Annibal. The Indians let themselves be ruined without uttering complaints or threats; several of their young men were carried off, and they did not offer the slightest protest. The hacendado resolved to come to an end with these men whom nothing could compel to obey his will.

In spite of himself, he was terrified at the indifference of the Indians, which he fancied too great not to be affected; he went over in his mind all he had made the poor people suffer, and the injustice he had done them, and came to the conclusion that they were preparing to take some terrible vengeance on him.

He determined to be beforehand with them, but he needed a pretext, and this Sotavento, his mayor-domo, undertook to provide him with.

This Sotavento, of whom we have already said a few words, was himself of Indian race. One of Don Annibal's friends had warmly recommended him, and for twelve years he had been in the service of the hacendado, whose good and bad passions he had contrived so cleverly to flatter, with that suppleness of character natural to the Red skins, that the latter placed the most perfect confidence in him.

Sotavento, naturally, carried out his master's orders zealously, and eagerly seized every opportunity to injure the Red Buffalo, for whom he appeared to entertain a profound hatred. After consulting with his master, Sotavento managed matters so that one day Dona Emilia, Don Annibal's wife, who had hitherto defended the poor people of the aldea under all circumstances, and had even succeeded in saving them from several vexatious acts, was, while taking a walk, insulted by an Indian, or at least a man wearing their costume, and was so frightened that she was confined to her bed for several days.

The hacendado made the more noise about this insult, because, as his wife was *encinta*, the fright she had undergone might have had very serious consequences for her.

He proceeded in all haste to the capital of the province, had a long interview with the governor, and then returned home, certain this time of gaining the end at which he had so long aimed.

He had been accompanied from the city by a *juez de letras*, an insignificant person, to whom we have not yet alluded, and who appeared but little pleased with the duty confided to him, for he trotted timidly along upon a scrubby mule behind the soldiers.

Only stopping at the hacienda long enough to bid his wife mount her horse and come and see what was going to happen, Don Annibal at once continued his journey, consenting with great difficulty, upon the re-

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pealed entreaties of his mayor-domo, to accept the escort the commandant of the Fort of Agua Verde offered him, for he was so eager to revenge himself.

The country the travellers passed through was extremely picturesque; from the elevation they had reached, they surveyed an admirable landscape closed in on the horizon by lofty forest-clad mountains. In the west spread out the immense sheet of water, known as the Agua Verde, which the beams of the setting sun tinged with all the prismatic hues. Besides this, they could see the Rio Grande, which was lost in infinite windings, the Fort of the Bahia, situated on a point of the river, and the green prairies of the Indian border, which were agitated by mysterious movements.

In the meanwhile the Mexicans continued to ascend, we dare say the road, for no roads of any sort existed at that period in this savage country, and we doubt whether any exist now, but the track which led to the sides of the Red Buffaloes.

This track, cut by human hands on the sides of the hill round which it wound, became more and more scarped, and at last resembled a staircase, which would have mightily staggered an European traveller, but these horsemen did not even seem to notice the fact.

All at once, Sotavento, who had pushed on slightly ahead during the conversation between the hacendero and Dona Emilia, uttered a cry of surprise as he stopped his horse so short, that the noble animal trembled on its hind legs.

"What is the matter?" Don Annibal asked as he spurred his horse.

"Look there!" the mayor-domo replied, stretching his hand.

"Mid demons!" Don Annibal shouted passionately, "what is the meaning of this? Who has warned the scoundrels?"

"Quien sabe?" the mayor-domo said with a grin.

Several trees, to which the branches and roots were still attached, had been thrown across the track, and formed barricade about ten feet in height, which completely stopped the way.

The travellers were compelled to halt before this impassable obstacle.

The hacendero was startled for a moment, but soon, shaking his head like a lion at bay, he looked around defiantly, dismounted, and drawing his machete, walked boldly up to the barricade, while Sotavento, motionless and with folded arms, looked cunningly at him.

The lancers, whom this compulsory stoppage had enabled to catch up to the first party, cocked their carbines at an order from their commanding officer, and held themselves in readiness to fire at the first signal.

CHAPTER II.

RED SKINS AND WHITE SKINS.

Don Annibal de Salibar was gifted with a most energetic character and iron will; obstacles, instead of checking, only impelled him to go on at all risks, until he had carried out what he once resolved to do. In no case could any interference, however powerful its nature, induce him to hesitate in accomplishing his plans, much less make him give them up. Possessing great physical strength and unusual skill in the management of weapons, he was courageous after the manner of wild beasts, through an instinct for evil and to smell blood. Still he had as much contempt for his own life as for that of his opponent, and he never tried to avoid peril, but on the contrary, felt a secret pleasure in looking it in the face.

The soldiers who accompanied him had accordingly furnished proofs of their courage long before. Still it was with a start of terror they saw him advance calmly and coolly toward this barricade of verdure, which rose silent and menacing before them, and behind which they expected at each moment to see spring up a band of enemies, exasperated by long sufferings, and resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. In the probable event of a collision, the position of the Mexicans was most disadvantageous.

The soldiers, grouped on a path only three feet in width, having on their right a perpendicular granite wall, and on their left a deep barranca, into which the slightest false step might precipitate them, with no shelter of any description to fight men hidden behind a thick barricade, were almost certain of being defeated, if a hand to hand fight began with the Indians. Hence the old officer who commanded the escort shook his head several times with a disconsolate air, after he had hastily executed the probable fighting ground.

The juez de letraz and the two alcaudines who served him as a guard of honor, evidently shared the lieutenant's opinion, for they had stopped out of gun shot and dismounted, under a pretext of tightening their males' girths, but in reality to convert the carcasses of the poor brutes into a rampart.

As for Sotavento, sitting motionless on his horse about ten yards at the most from the felled trees, he was carelessly rolling a cigarette between his fingers, while pinching up his thin lips, and letting a viper's glance pass through his half-closed eyelids.

He seemed, in short, to take but very slight interest in what was going on around him, and was prepared to be a spectator rather than actor in the events which would in all probability occur.

The hacendero had approached the barricade. His face was unmoved; with his left hand resting on one of the branches, and his body bent slightly forward, he was trying to peer through the intertwined branches and leaves at some of the enemies whom he supposed to be ambuscaded there.

Still, although this examination lasted for several minutes, and Don Annibal, though bravado, prolonged it far beyond what was necessary, the deepest silence continued to prevail, and not a leaf stirred.

"Come," the hacendero said in a sarcastic voice, as he drew himself up, "you are mistaken, Sotavento, there is no one here. I was a fool to believe for a moment that these brutes would attempt to dispute our passage."

"Well, well," the mayor-domo said with a grim "quien sabe, mi amo, quien sabe?" These brutes, as you very correctly term them, have not left their prairies so long as to have completely forgotten their Indian tricks."

"I care little," the hacendero answered dryly, "what their intentions or the tricks they have prepared may be; dismount and help me to roll over the precipice these trees which obstruct the path; at a later date we will proceed to punish the persons who have thus dared to barricade the king's road."

Sotavento hung his head without reply.

ing, and prepared to obey; but before he had drawn his foot out of the stirrup the brachers paraded, and in the space thus left free appeared a man wearing a gold-laced hat with a military cock, and holding in his right hand a long silver-knobbed cane.

As this individual is destined to play a certain part in this narrative, we will draw his portrait in a few lines.

He was a man of lofty stature, with marked features and an intelligent physiognomy. His black eyes, sparkling like carbuncles, and full of cunning, had a strange fixity, which gave him, when any internal emotion agitated him, an expression of cold ferocity impossible to describe. His complexion, which was of the color of new red copper, allowed him to be recognized as an Indian at the first glance; although he had passed mid-life, it was impossible to decide his age, for he seemed as vigorous and active as if only twenty years old; not a wrinkle furrowed his brow, nor a single gray hair was perceptible in the thick black masses which fell in disorder on his shoulders.

Excepting his gold-laced hat, and his silver-mounted cane, which were the emblems of his rank as cacique or alcalde of the aldea, his dress was very simple, and only consisted of worn velvet calzoneras, which but half covered his bare legs, and a gaily colored sarape, which was thrown over his shoulders.

Still, in spite of this miserable garb, this man had about him such an air of haughty dignity and innate superiority, that on seeing him, his ridiculous attire was forgotten, and involuntary respect was felt for him.

This person was, in fact, the chief of the Red Buffaloes, their cacique, to whom the governor of the province had given the title of alcalde.

His name was Mah-mih-kou-ing-all, not a very euphonious name; but, like all Indian titles, it had a meaning, and signified literally "Running Water."

The hacendero and the cacique examined each other for a moment silently, like two duelists, who, before falling on their favorite guard, try to discover their opponent's weak point, and thus render their attack, if possible, decisive.

It was the first time they stood face to face, and hence the fixness of their glance had something strange and fatal about it.

Still, Don Annibal's machete raised against the barricade, fell without striking.

The cacique, satisfied with his triumph, turned his head away with a gloomy smile.

Each of these men had measured his foe, and found him a worthy one. The spectators, dumb and motionless, anxiously waited what was about to take place. Don Annibal was the first to break the silence.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, in a voice that betrayed dull passion, "by what right do you obstruct the king's highway?"

"Who are you, first, who question me in so haughty a fashion, and who authorizes you to do so?" the cacique answered dryly.

"Who I am?" the Spaniard continued passionately, "do you not know?"

"Whether I know or not is of no consequence; I wish to learn the fact from you. I am not acquainted with you, and do not wish to have any dispute with you."

"Do you think so, my master?" the hacendero retorted, with a mocking smile; unfortunately you are mistaken, as you will specially discover."

"Perhaps so," the Indian replied disdainfully; but, in the meanwhile, as you have no right to enter my village with soldiers, in my quality of magistrate I order you to withdraw, rendering you and your responsible for the consequences of your disobedience in the event of your refusing to obey my orders."

While Don Annibal listened to these words, with his arms crossed on his chest, and head thrown back, a smile of impudent meaning played around his lips.

"I fancy," he said ironically, "that you attach greater importance to your dignity of state than it really possesses, my master; but I have not come here to discuss with you. Will you, yes or no, let me pass?"

"Why do you not try to force a passage?" the cacique said.

"I am going to do so."

"Try it."

Without replying, Don Annibal turned to the leader of the escort.

"Lieutenant," he said to him, "order your men to fire on that scoundrel."

But the old officer shook his head.

"Hm!" he remarked, "what good would that do us?" It would only cause us to be killed like asses. Do you imagine that man to be alone?"

"Then you refuse to obey me?" the hacendero said with concentrated passion.

"Caramios!" I should think I do refuse. I was ordered to defend you from attack; but not to sacrifice the men I command in satisfying a whim. This individual, the devon take him! were he ten times the Indian he is, has the law on his side. Rayo de Dios! you waste your time in arguing with him, instead of coming to an end at once."

Don Annibal listened to this remonstrance with ill-restrained impatience. When the lieutenant ceased speaking, he said with ironical deference, as he bowed to him:

"Pray what would you have done in my place, Senior Lieutenant?"

"Caramios! I should have acted in a different way. It is evident that we are not the stronger, and that if we attempt to pass as you propose, these red devils will only have to give us a push to send us rolling over the precipice, which, I suppose, would not exactly suit your views."

"Well?" the hacendero interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"One moment, hang it all! Let us act legally since it is necessary. The alcalde's cane is at times stronger than the soldier's sword, and to break it you require a stronger cane, that is all. Have you not brought with you a sort of writer or juez de letraz, flanked by two alcaudines?" The scoundrel must have some sort of authority in his pocket. But what do I know? Well, let the two black birds settle matters between themselves. Believe me, it is the only thing we can do in the present posture of affairs; we will see if these peregrines dare to resist a representative of his majesty, whom may heaven preserve!"

"Viva Dios!" you are right, lieutenant; I perceive that I acted like an ass, and we ought to have begun with that. Give those persons orders to come up, if you please."

The cacique had listened to the conversation, leaning carelessly on his cane in the trench behind the barricade; but, on hearing the conclusion, which he doubtless had not anticipated, he frowned and looked severely behind him.

"I care little," the hacendero answered dryly, "what their intentions or the tricks they have prepared may be; dismount and help me to roll over the precipice these trees which obstruct the path; at a later date we will proceed to punish the persons who have thus dared to barricade the king's road."

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task to bring them to the front; officers of justice have this in common with the crowd, that they smell gunpowder a long distance off.

The poor devil, entrenched, as well as they could manage, behind their mules, were trembling all over, while waiting for the action to begin; when they saw the soldiers galloping toward them, they fancied their last hour had arrived, and they began commanding their souls to Heaven, while repeating all the prayers they could call to mind, and beating their chests powerfully, as they invoked all the saints of the intermediate Spanish calendar.

At the first moment the soldiers were greatly amused at their terror, and laughed heartily at their pale faces and startled glances. On hearing the lancers laugh, the juez de letraz, who, apart from his platoon, was a clever and sensible man, began reflecting, and suspected that the danger was not so great as he had at first supposed it.

He got up, carefully arranged his attire, and asked the soldiers for news, which they gave him, laughing most heartily the while. The juez then drew himself up in a dignified manner, mounted his mule, and addressed his alcaudines, who were still hidden behind a bend in the path:

"Well, scamps," he said to them, while attempting to reassume an imposing air, as became a magistrate of his importance, "what is the meaning of this? Heaven pardon me, but I believe you are afraid, Is that the way in which you sustain the honor of the gown you wear? Come, come, mount without further delay, and follow me smartly."

The alcaudines abashed by this sharp reprimand, got on their mules, offering the best excuses they could, and ranged themselves behind their superior officer.

Still the worthy juez de letraz was not so reassured as he wished to appear, and we are forced to confess that the nearer he drew to the barricade, the more formidable it seemed to him, and the less at ease did he feel as to the results of the mission he had to carry out.

Still, hesitation was no longer possible, he must bravely go through with the affair, and pluck up a heart. No one is so courageous as a postman driven into a corner, fear in him takes the place of bravery, and he becomes the more rash in proportion to his former terror.

The juez de letraz gave a proof of this, for instead of halting a reasonable distance from the barricade, he advanced till he could almost touch it. Perhaps, though, this did not result entirely from his own will, for the soldiers had maliciously given the poor mule several vigorous blows with their chichitos, so that it pricked up its ears and dashed madly onward. The fact is, that, whether voluntarily or not, the juez found himself side by side with Don Annibal.

The lieutenant's advice was, as he had said, the only mode of putting an end to the cacique's resistance. At the period when this story takes place, the liberal ideas which overturned and regenerated the old world had not yet reached the Spanish colonies, or, if they had reached them, had not penetrated to the lower classes, who, besides, would not have understood them.

The King of Spain, owing to the system adopted by the Peninsular government, was revered, feared, and respected like a god; the lowest of his representatives, the mere flag hoisted over a conducta de plata, were sufficient to protect the millions that traversed the entire length of Mexico to be embarked on board the ships; in a word, it would not have occurred to any one in New Spain that it was possible to rebel against the mother country or disobey the lowest or most insignificant of the officers of the sovereign beyond the seas.

Still, in spite of the knowledge of their power, the Spaniards were slightly alarmed by the coldly resolute attitude of the Indian cacique; the more so, because this man belonged to that haughty Comanche race which preferred to return to the desert sooner than bend beneath the Spanish yoke.

"Perhaps so," the Indian replied disdainfully; but, in the meanwhile, as you have no right to enter my village with soldiers, in my quality of magistrate I order you to withdraw, rendering you and your responsible for the consequences of your disobedience in the event of your refusing to obey my orders."

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"Lieutenant," he said to him, "order your men to fire on that scoundrel."

But the old officer shook his head.

"Hm!" he remarked, "what good would that do us?" It would only cause us to be killed like asses. Do you imagine that man to be alone?"

"Then you refuse to obey me?" the hacendero said with concentrated passion.

"Caramios!" I should think I do refuse. I was ordered to defend you from attack; but not to sacrifice the men I command in satisfying a whim. This individual, the devon take him! were he ten times the Indian he is, has the law on his side. Rayo de Dios! you waste your time in arguing with him, instead of coming to an end at once."

Don Annibal listened to this remonstrance with ill-restrained impatience. When the lieutenant ceased speaking, he said with ironical deference, as he bowed to him:

"Pray what would you have done in my place, Senior Lieutenant?"

"Caramios! I should have acted in a different way. It is evident that we are not the stronger, and that if we attempt to pass as you propose, these red devils will only have to give us a push to send us rolling over the precipice, which, I suppose, would not exactly suit your views."

This document was listened to in religious silence by the cacique, with downcast head and frowning brow, but without the slightest mark of impatience, anger, or sorrow. When the judge had finished he raised his head, and looked at him like a man awakening from sleep.

"Have you ended?" he asked him in a gentle voice.

"Not yet," the magistrate answered, amazed and emboldened by this mildness, which he had been far from anticipating.

"Do so," he said.

The judge continued:

"Consequently I, Don Ignacio Pavo y Cobardo, juez de letraz of the town of Monclova, by virtue of the powers conceded to

me by the most serene Governor of the Intendency, summon you, alcalde of the aldea of the Red Buffaloes, in the name of his majesty, whom may Heaven preserve, to obey this order at once without any resistance."

Running Water drew himself up, gave the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Timely Trick.

When Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V., he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his piercing eyes—heretofore cast down, veiled by their downcast lids—and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had selected an inflexible master. Many glaring abuses were in Rome, and these the new Pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place in St. Peter's within the very precincts of St. Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one, also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned,) should therein incur the penalty of death. At this notice Pasquin jested, and the nobles laughed, but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred:

Just after the promulgation of the Pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff, and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarin to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and amongst them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to bravado it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered with sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the Pope. Although a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a Pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the Pope summoned his guards and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. Who might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son. What cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse.

The news spread quickly: so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet of the Pope, with tears in his eyes pleading his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See. Ranuccio had been two days in prison; might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? Then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late Pope, Paul III.

The holy father's reply was cruelly decisive.

"The law," he said, makes no distinction: a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The vicegerent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The cardinal bent his head and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the Pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the governor of Fort St. Angelo. To him he gave imperative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock* that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir apparent of the Duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church; and he strongly suspected that the clocks of Madrid might prove less complaisant than those at Rome.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch, the Pope deprived him of his office and imprisoned him for some time in Fort St. Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, renouncing all the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, he prudently remained an absentee.

The Chinese who are with Mr. Burlingame are not, it would seem, idolaters. A correspondent of the American Presbyterian affirms that the entire suite is composed of Confucianists, no Buddhist or Taoist being among the number. Confucian temples have no idols. They are not, indeed, places of religious worship, for Confucius taught nothing in respect to God, or man's relations to deity. He taught only man's duty to man. He considered it impossible to ascertain anything clearly as to man's relations with the Infinite. He held that if man only did right by his fellow man, he might trust safely to the hereafter.

A GOOD CITIZEN.—A Hartford man recently went to a neighbor and said to him, "I am told that you are willing to sell the piece of land that joins my lot." "Why, yes, I would like to sell it to some good citizen." "Well, what makes a good citizen in your judgment?" "A good citizen is a man that does not keep pigs or chickens," was the reply.

"What makes you so agile this morning?" inquired a young lady of a gentleman whose movements were unusually active. "I drank a gill o' tea at breakfast," was the prompt reply.

* In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.

violate secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivares, in his quality of ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and monks chanting the solemn "Dies Irae." Everything was prepared save the victim. Olivares was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

"My orders are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over."

"But the Pope may change his mind." Without replying, the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. "Is all prepared?" All was prepared; the attendants, like their master, only waited for the hour.

"It is strange," muttered the governor. "I have thought—"

"At least," interposed Olivares, "if you will not delay, do not anticipate." And Monsignor resumed his hasty walk between the door and the window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes, and Ranuccio's fate would be sealed.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the Pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring time-piece Ranuccio was already executed.

"What seek you?" asked his holiness.

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?"

"Like a saint," cried the cardinal, trembling at moment's delay.

Sixtus V. traced the following words:

"We order our governor at Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his successor the body of Ranuccio Farnese." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

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"Did he die like a Christian?"</p

TOO LATE!

And so she has passed away from this world
of sighs and tears;
Buried with kindred dust, 'neath the shade
of the dark yew-tree;
She, the dream of my life, through the many
lengths of years—
She, with her smiles of peace, like the calm
of a crimsoned sea.

You tell me I am too late; she has gone to
the Silent Land;
Too late for the last farewell of her whom I
loved of yore;
She has entered on death's lone sea, while
here in my grief I stand,
Piercing the gathering gloom from a cold
and dreary shore.

We parted two summers ago, in the twilight
soft and still;
We kissed by the garden gate, 'neath the shade
of the bright laburnum-tree;
With the lustrous evening-star o'ertopping
the distant hill,
And the moonbeams all asleep in the calm of
the azure sea.

Often since then, on the deck, I have gazed
with tearful eyes,
Long on these tokens of love—that picture
and lock of hair;
Then I've softly murmured her name 'neath
the calm of the starlit skies,
And fervently breathed it to God in the
voice of my evening prayer.

Too late!—she is now 'neath the mould, in
her silent and holy rest:
I almost dreaded as much as we slowly en-
tered the bay;
For a languishing feeling of grief kept lin-
gering round my breast,
Like the overwhelming haze of a hot and
sultry day.

Too late!—yet not too late!—to hear that
her latest breath
Was spent in breathing my name when her
soul had almost flown:
Oh! not too late to hear of a love that out-
lives death,
And opens the door of a tender heart to one
and one alone!

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT.

AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER
WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Sir Edric England, baronet, lounging in a window of his club on Pall Mall, was making remarks on the passers-by—remarks which were rendered almost inaudible by the hearty bursts of laughter elicited from a group of young men at another window by a slender, very youthful looking man, who was reclining at his ease against the well-stuffed cushions of a luxurious lounge, with an air of languor oddly at variance with the very witty words which slid lazily from his half-closed lips.

"Queer that there should be a statue of Mercury at his head, isn't it?" said Sir Edric in a pause which ensued.

"Why?" asked the speaker, with a monetary flash in his indolent eyes.

"Mercury, you know, was the god of—of
well, we will call it exaggeration, and that last was an outrageous story."

"Prove it," said the other, quietly.

The baronet moved uneasily in his chair, and looked foolish.

"He can't do it," said the group of admirers, exultantly.

Sir George Althorpe was too well accustomed to victory to be moved by this petty triumph. His career had been one of uninterrupted success. He played better, billiards, etc., danced better, sung better, fenced better, and was a better shot than any one of his "dear five hundred friends." He was proficient in everything which required grace and skill, but was no athlete; his characteristic indolence prevented this, although all good judges averred that he might be first in every athletic exercise, as splendid and compact was the set of muscles with which Nature had furnished his slender, symmetrical figure.

"What's the use in having such muscles?" said an acquaintance who was a famous boxer, running his finger down the firm, supple arm, whose rounded outline was plainly visible under the delicate texture of the sleeve of his dandified coat. "Why, you might fall on ox with them, or beat the world in a rowing-match."

"I am not partial to beef," said St. George, languidly; "and I find these same muscles necessary to enable me to walk or dance with ease."

"Or to request erogate a ball for a pretty girl," said the other, sarcastically.

"I generally make a good stroke," responded St. George, whose flirtations Quintupled his years, and who pursued a pretty girl, or any other novelty, with ardor as long as the first freshness lasted.

"How many sacrifices did you make on the altar of Venus while you were abroad, St. George?" asked one of his admirers, pending the silence which followed the baronet's defeat.

Sir George's friends had an odd habit of considering all his personal triumphs as reflecting glory upon themselves, and pluming themselves accordingly. But as he could never be induced to refer to them himself, the result of questioning him was usually unsatisfactory.

"Five hundred times," said St. George, "and the goddess deigned no reply." And his admirers, receiving this answer, never doubted, not only that the number of flames kindled equalled this amount, but that as many broken hearts lined the conqueror's path on the continent.

"Did you find any new perfume in Paris?" was the next question.

To this St. George's reply was the production of a handkerchief daintily enough for the nose of Queen Mab, and having three initials in an elaborate crest. He was quite Roman in his love of perfumes, and his taste in this, as in everything else, was considered unexceptionable.

"Delightful!" said the owners of the noses to which the fragile cambric had wafted the faint fragrance of which it was redolent. "Bonnet de what?"

St. George shook his head. "I wonder," said a tall guardsman, unthinkingly crushing the handkerchief between his large hands, "if this is not the bouquet de St. George of which Charley

wrote me. You must know that the beautiful daughter of a famous perfumer—"

St. George reddened, and turned quickly towards the guardsman.

"My handkerchief, if you please."

The guardsman, instead of complying, spread it carefully over one large hand, as on a frame, and said, "Hello! Marie de —"

St. George dexterously caught it before he could conclude.

"I have some new styles of scented soap

to which you are welcome, Markham," said he, with a significant glance at the cloudy fingers and blackened nails of the offender.

The guardsman blushed, and stammered something about "driving a drag," "dogs," and "effeminate."

"I hope I am a Christian," said St. George,

"and 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' you know.

Even the followers of Mahomet connect

the purity of the body with purity of the soul."

The guardsman was silenced, and retreated to the background, thus preventing further disclosures.

"But you are a dreadful dandy, St. George," said Sir Edric; and he did something that dapper archangel of Michael Angelo whom Hawthorne satirises as the dainty wearer of a "perfectly fitting, sky-blue tunic of the latest celestial cut."

But there are some bodies framed for the luxuries of life to whom the contact of a crumpled rose leaf will cause more anguish than did his griddiron to St. Lawrence, and should we grudge to them continued sunshine, while we stand in the storm which our harsher frames are fitted to endure?

"Why don't St. George undertake the Dragon?" said a young guardsman, with a belp, and a face which a reddish moustache strove to redeem from utter banality.

"A very good idea," said Sir Edric; "wonderfully good for an emanation from your brain, Everard."

St. George opened his sleepy blue eyes to an unusual width.

"What dragon?" said he.

"The one which guards the He-pepples," said Sir Edric; "literally a golden fruit, so couch your lance, most stoutly knight, and forward."

"An heiress?" interrogated St. George.

"Not only an heiress, but a beauty, and not only a beauty, but young, oh, ye gods! and fresh, and most bewitchingly innocent of the wicked wiles of this evil world."

"And the Dragon?"

"A Gorgon in a widow's cap, and a straight and sanctified gown of some black abomination whereof I know not the name. A walking tombstone, looking at which one sees inscribed upon its surface not the virtues of the dead deceased, but a warning catalogue of the woes he must have endured when living, and is impelled to exclaim 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'"

"She cuts a feller up so that he feels—a—a like sausages meat, by Jove!" said young Everard, weakly twinking the drooping ends of his moustache.

"Look out, you'll burn your fingers, Ev!" A favorite joke, at which every one roars in concert but St. George, who never laughs at any ordinary witicism, and Sir Edric, who seems absorbed by recollections of past terrors of the Dragon.

"The Dragon has a sting, then?"

"I should think she had," said Sir Edric. "You know that I'm not very easily put out of countenance."

"Brass?" interpolated St. George, "but that woman will send all my wits flying to the four points of the compass with her confounded sarcasm."

"Perhaps she thinks the gold more attrac-
tive than the youth, beauty, etc."

"She actually had the impudence to tell me one day that it was very much against her wishes that Ernestine came to London, as she was well aware what a place it is for fortune-hunters, and I know she puffed old Grumpy about my affairs, and found out how dreadfully in debt I am."

"Are you in debt?" asked St. George in a low tone. "Then you need be in that condition no longer."

"What do you mean?" said the baronet, eagerly.

"I mean that anything I have is at your service." And while Sir Edric was peering out protestations of undying gratitude, and wringing St. George's hand until it was purple, he said, "You know that my income more, much more than meets all my requirements, and whatever is over and above is heartily at the service of those who need it more than I do, so he continued in a more languid tone, "no thanks are necessary. My sufficiency of this world's goods will be favorable to a successful tilt against the Dragon, as she will not be apt to consider me to be in pursuit of the young lady's fortune."

"The Dragon's what?"

"The heiress."

"Chaledon!" Her estate joins one of mine in —shire. In fact the village between is Althorpe cum Chaledon. Isn't this a coincidence? I can introduce myself as a neighbor, and, a—heh, the conjunction seems ominous."

"Don't be mean, St. George. You don't need an heiress."

"I hope," said St. George, "that you do not wish to marry this young lady *merely* for her money."

"I—I" stammered Sir Edric—then, calling up an injured look, "I can't think what cause I have given you to suspect me of such a design."

"I do think better of you, Edric," said St. George, after a short pause; "but, what you say about my having no need of an heiress."

"One of my jokes, Sainty. Now, don't call up virtuous indignation, and proceed to scold me for being so completely to conceal her face, and sat thus, without speaking, until the close of the opera."

"I trust you, Edric," said St. George, "and you know me."

"For the best fellow in the three kingdoms," said Sir Edric, laughing; "and now St. George for Merry England!"

That night, at the opera, St. George, calmly scrutinizing through his lorgnette the faces, known and unknown, which presented themselves in the brilliant half-circle of diamonds and flowers, velvets and lace, was attracted by a sparkling blonde beauty in a white lace dress and scarlet wreath, whose companion wore a widow's cap, over which some black lace drapery was thrown, partially shading it and her face. The cap was not of the dainty Marie Stuart form, allowing the waves of the hair and the contour of the cheek to be plainly visible, and in some cases ensnaring the living while seeming to mourn the dead, but its quilled borders met under the chin, closely concealing the hair, and imparting a more death-like appearance to the very pallid face, with its heavy, dull looking eyes, and set mouth.

"There," said Sir Edric, who was in the

same stall with himself, "there is the dragon, guarding the golden fruit as usual,

and freezing every one in the vicinity with that stony glare of hers."

"The one with the black head-gear, is it

not?" said St. George. "She looks as if

she had just been exhausted after having

been buried a month. She is horrible. If

I were at all imaginative I should suppose

her to be a vampire."

"What, a *bait*?" said Sir Edric, whose

reading was principally confined to betting-

books; "that black face affair represents

the wings, I suppose?"

"The guardian blushed, and stammered

something about "driving a drag," "dogs,"

and "effeminate."

"I hope I am a Christian," said St. George,

"and 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' you know.

Even the followers of Mahomet connect

the purity of the body with purity of the soul."

"What'll you bea he wins?" said Captain

Augustus Fitzsophet, leaning across his

pretty companion to speak to the Hon. John

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"What'll you bea he wins?" said Captain

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

chair that extended its comfortable arms to embrace him, and while awaiting Mrs. Halford's reappearance, took up a novel which was lying on the table, and which chancing to be one of George Eliot's, absorbed his attention until a footman entered with a large silver salver, on which was arranged an elegant luncheon.

"Is not Mrs. Halford coming in soon?" St. George inquired.

"I don't know, sir. The 'ousekeeper told me to carry this h'upstairs."

St. George put his hand in his pocket, and laid something bright in Plush's willing hand.

"Send Miss Chalcedon's maid to me."

"Certaintly, sir," and Plush's silken calves tripped gracefully from the room, and in a few minutes there rustled in a pretty Frenchwoman with great, hoop-earrings, who greeted St. George with a supple bend.

"I have an engagement with the ladies this evening, Mademoiselle," said St. George, rising and addressing the girl with a grace which went directly to what a Frenchwoman calls her heart, "and as Miss Chalcedon is not at home, I would like to see Mrs. Halford a moment."

"She sees the morning-room, M'sieur, I will speak to her."

"Take me to her, please," said St. George, "I do not wish to waste her time."

The girl hesitated. St. George threw a persuasive look into his beautiful blue eyes.

"At your pleasure, M'sieur. Follow me."

The girl opened the door of the morning-room, and stood aside to let him pass in.

The Dragon was sitting by a window filled with plants, busily engaged in sewing. She was not filling in a large piece of worsted-work with beads and floss, or imitating violets and trailing vines on Paris muslin, or making wonderful arabesques on white cashmere, but very prosaically darned a stocking. The stocking was gossamer, woven of rosy silk, and satin-clad, and fitted very neatly over the "beautiful hand" which held it; but still, darning a stocking is not a very graceful feminine occupation, and the face which bent over it was very different from the fair, blooming faces which are usually inclined above the more dainty kinds of needlework just mentioned. But St. George's eyes passed from the face to the bend of the neck, the fall of the shoulders, and all the graceful lines of a figure which no crinoline disguised, and which was unmistakably that of a young woman, round, yet slight, with that suppleness which belongs to graceful youth alone.

Mrs. Halford raised her eyes, and seeing who had entered, forgot her usual dignity, and exclaimed in astonishment, "You here!"

"I am here," said St. George, shutting the door quickly. "I did not like to eat luncheon alone, and I am come down to invite you to lunch with me."

"I never eat at this hour."

"Will you not break through your rule in my favor?"

"You must excuse me."

"Very well, then, I will prefer the tête-à-tête conversation which we arranged while driving here, that is to say, a 'feast of reason,' to one of more material viands."

The Dragon threaded her needle, and did not appear to hear this remark.

"This is a delightful room," continued St. George. "I am very sure that your taste arranged it. I can even guess from the furniture and hangings what combination of colors you prefer."

The Dragon was still silent.

"It is rose and blue," said St. George.

"I know that Miss Chalcedon did not choose them, for her eyes are too shallow to appreciate their artistic effect, and it was certainly not an upholsterer, for the innovation of established common place is too daring, consequently it must have been yourself."

"Your power of discrimination is quite wonderful," retorted his listener, with an undisguised sneer.

"Is it not so? It stands me in good stead sometimes in discovering false premises. Now, excuse me for mentioning it, but, owing to your style of dress, that close concealing your hair, and constant indulgence in some secret sorrow, you are generally supposed to be fifty, at least, when I can swear that you are no more than twenty-two."

St. George was not prepared for the paroxysm of rage in which the widow sprang from her chair and stood before him, trembling and flushing, her hands clenched together.

"How do you know? How dare you watch me and pry after me as you have done since I have known you? You are no gentleman. Your persecutions are infamous. You must never speak to me again."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Halford," said St. George, also rising. "We have met but twice, I believe, so that our acquaintance having been begun last evening, I certainly can have had no chance to pry after you. As to watching you when I am with you, it is an impulse which I cannot resist, for you fascinate me as no woman ever did before. I will acknowledge that I had no right to address to you such very personal remarks upon so short an acquaintance, but it seems as if I had known you always, so continually have you been in my thoughts since that night at the opera. I have even dreamed of you, and in that dream you were young and beautiful as—I am persuaded that you are."

"Look at me, if you please, then, and forget your hallucination. As I appear, so I am. Be assured that I am my youthful princess masquerading to elicit my true knight's chivalry, but an old and stricken woman, with no future but the grave, and, thank God! the life which begins beyond it."

"I will not believe any one to be old who has such a figure."

"Sir, you are incorrigibly impudent, and as I have no desire to take part in the farce of the Frenchman in love with his grandmother, I desire you never to speak to me again, as I have no intention of duping your title of fool."

"Now I am sure that she is young," said St. George to himself as she left the room.

"She would not have flown into such a passion for nothing. By George, this is getting quite exciting."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new married couple went to Niagara on a visit, and the gentleman, in order to convince his "dear" that he was as brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down into the Cave of the Winds. She of course objected; but finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his purse and watch behind.

A man in Milwaukee, who had attempted to dispossess a colony of martins that had built their nests under his roof, was attacked and fairly driven off the field by the birds.



THE LIFE-BOAT.

"There she is, sir; that's she just off the point there. She's a-comin' stem-on; and in half-an-hour, if she ain't on the sands, I'm a Dutchman!"

"Bang!" went the dull, smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread that a three-master was going ashore.

"I'm ready, mates, if you are going."

This remark elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly looking out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seaward, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star, but still no one moved. All at once the old man at my side laid hold of my arm and whispered—

"Give me a lift, sir," and before I hardly knew what his object was, he had climbed by my help into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly, "I can't stand this. Stand aside and let some of the old ones come."

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurry for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen, white, directly after, came another dull, heavy report.

"I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen, white, directly after, came another dull, heavy report.

"I can't see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she'll come in just there;" and he pointed to a spot among the waves where they seemed roughed; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em! Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpon-sou'-wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he stood there an inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go off?"

It did look a dangerous venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large vessel about five hundred yards from the shore.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray!" welcomed its arrival, as another flash and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of water, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh; while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There, look there!" cried the old man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there is a boat-load coming ashore. There, don't you see—now a top o' that breaker?"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" said the old man. "I knew it. Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I.

But the old man was intently gazing out to sea.

"There, just as I said," he shouted, hoarsely: "just in the place. She's struck."

And then above the yelling of the storm

we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now upon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around; the women hanging on to their husbands, and apparently begging that they would not attempt the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before, but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, it looked perfectly awful, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so too, though as we came up, one sturdy fellow shouted—

"I'm ready, mates, if you are going."

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THE WHITE SQUAW.
A Tale of Florida.BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.
AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DEATH AT THE STAKE.

At night they encamped in the forest. Lighting no fires, lest the light might betray them to their enemies, they produced from their packs some dried meat and meal cake.

Carroll did full justice to the humble fare, although he made rather a wry face at the gourd of spring water with which he was invited by his captors to wash down the frugal repast.

Mastering his aversion, he, however, managed to swallow a few mouthfuls.

Superior, two of his captors wrapped themselves in their blankets, and immediately fell asleep. The other two remained awake, watching him.

Carroll saw that any attempt to escape under the eyes of the two Indians would be idle.

One he might have coped with, even unarmed as he was. Two would be more than a match for him, and he knew that on the slightest alarm the sleeping men would awake, making it four to one.

With the philosophy of a stoic he threw himself upon the ground, and also fell asleep.

He awoke once in the night to find that his guards had been changed. There was no better prospect of freedom than before.

"Durn them! they're bound to fix me, I kin see that plain enough. Besides, with these 'ternal all-fired things cuttin' into my elbows, what could I do?"

Apparently nothing, for with a muttered curse at his own stupidity, he again composed himself to slumber.

With the dawn of morning, Carroll and his captors continued their journey.

They made no other halt before reaching the town.

Carroll in vain tried to draw from them the reason of their unexpected presence at so great a distance from the residence of the tribe.

They gave him no satisfaction.

He discovered, however, that whatever errand they had been sent on, they had failed in accomplishing it, and his own capture began to be considered by him as a peace offering with which they intended to mollify Wacora's wrath at their want of success in the mission with which they had been charged.

"Wall," reflected he, "I suppose I'm in some poor devil's place; perhaps I mount take more pleasure in doing him in this good turn if I only known who he is. No doubt he's got some folks as 'ud grieve over him, but there ain't many as will fret over Cris Carroll, not as I know on—yes, all right go ahead. Let's go what glory waits us, yo catwampus swamps, you. Ah! four to one; if it had been two to one, or, at a pinch three to one, I'd have tried it on; if it had cost me all I've got, and that's my life—yah! it's almost enough to make one turn storekeeper to think on."

Unmoved by the taunts and jeers which Cris liberally bestowed upon them during the journey, the Indians continued to watch him narrowly.

It was about mid-day when they arrived at their destination.

On entering the Indian town Carroll was thrust into one of the houses, where he was left to await the order of Wacora as to his final disposition. Four guards were kept over him, two inside the house, the other two without.

He expected immediate death, but he was left undisturbed for the rest of the day, and at night received some supper, consisting of dried meat, bread and water. He was then permitted to pass the hours till morning as seemed best to him.

The hunter soon arranged his plans. He wrapped the blanket that had been given him around his body, and in a few moments was in a sound slumber.

His sleep lasted until a hand upon his shoulder, along with a summons to awaken him.

It was one of his guards of yesterday who addressed him.

"Come!"

"Is that you, old Dummy?" asked he, recognizing the Indian. "I can't say I'm glad to see you since you've broke in on the pleasantest dream I've had for a long time. But never mind, how shed you know that you war a doing it, you poor savage critter you, that don't know nothin' but to handle a tomahawk, and raise the hair off a human head? What do you want with me now?"

"The warriors are assembled!"

"Air they? Wal, that's kind of them, only they needn't have put themselves out of the way to get up so early on my account; I could have waited."

"Come."

"Wal, I'm comin'; d'y'e think I'm afraid, darn ye? D'y'e think I'm afraid of you or all the warriors of your tribe, or of your chief, Wacora, either?"

"Wacora is not here."

"Not here! Where is he?"

"I cannot answer the pale face's questions. I come to bring you before the council."

"Wal, I'm ready to go afore the council."

As they were about to emerge from the house, a sudden idea seemed to strike Carroll, and he stopped his conductors.

"Say, friend, will you tell me one thing?"

"Speak!"

"What ar we?"

"At Gunks' town."

Carroll's face beamed with a sudden joy.

"And his son Nelatu—is this his home?"

"It is."

"Hurray! Now, I dare say you wonder at my being struck all of a heap wi' delight. But I'll tell you one thing, red-skin—no offense, not known your name—you and your three partners have taken a most uncommon sight of trouble all for nothin'!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this—go and tell Nelatu that Cris Carroll is the party as you sneaked up on and took prisoner, and after that, streak it for your precious lives."

"Nelatu?"

"Yes, Nelatu, he's a friend of this ole coon, and one that'll prove himself so, too, in giving you skunks as took me a deal more nor you bargained for."

"Nelatu is not here."

"Not here? Why didn't you tell me just now that this war his father's town?"

"I did; but Nelatu is not here."

"Not now, perhaps; but I spose he'll be here."

"He will not return for weeks."

Carroll's countenance fell.

"Then, dog-gone your skin, lead on! I throw up the pack of cards now that the tramp's out of them. 'Tis my luck, and it's the darestuck luck I ever seed; there's no standin' agin it. I spose I must give in."

Without another word he followed his guards.

They entered the council chamber, where the assembled warriors awaited them.

With his foot upon the threshold, his manner entirely changed from the light, leering hilarity he had exhibited to that of a calm and dignified bearing.

He saw in an instant that he was foredoomed.

The stern expression of his judges told him as much.

The mock ceremonial of examination was proceeded with, and a vain attempt made to extract from him intelligence of the movements of the whites, especially of the numbers and disposition of the Government troops, some of whom had by this time arrived in the peninsula.

His disdaining refusal to betray his own race did him no service.

True, he was already sentenced to die, but the manner of his death might inflict horror on him who had no fear of dying.

Though the questions were skillfully put to him, the old hunter saw through them all.

He did not, indeed, possess much knowledge of the military invasion; but had he been in the secret of the commanding officer himself, he could not have been more reticent in his replies.

Utterly foiled in their questions, the warriors played their last card, and with threats of the most terrible tortures endeavored to bring from his fears what his honor would not reveal.

Vain effort on their part.

Cris did, indeed, wince when they first spoke of torture; but, recovering himself, he became more proudly defiant than before.

"Durn them! they're bound to fix me, I kin see that plain enough. Besides, with these 'ternal all-fired things cuttin' into my elbows, what could I do?"

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"I did; but Nelatu is not here."

"Not now, perhaps; but I spose he'll be here."

"He will not return for weeks."

"Eh? what? By the eternal!"

An admonition of silence checked him, and he surveyed, with an astonished countenance, the cause of his disturbance.

In the darkest corner of the hut he perceived an opening, through which the face of a young girl was visible. He started on recognising her.

"Hush!" she said, in a whisper. "Remember you are watched. Lie down again."

With his foot upon the threshold, his manner entirely changed from the light, leering hilarity he had exhibited to that of a calm and dignified bearing.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

here and there, giving his orders in a decided tone; all is ready at last; the orchestra have struck into the air for the curtain; the prompter's bell rings; "clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen!" the din of the bell commences; the green curtain slowly rises; the house is quiet, and the "White Fawn" begins.

This takes away all pleasure to see a piece of this kind from behind. Some of the finest effects seen from the audience are tame and insipid seen so close. Some of the finest women are really ugly. Can that bold, ungainly, hard-faced, pitted, frowning woman, who is exercising her limbs so freely at the flats, and getting herself into trim before she appears before the crowded house, be the sylph-like beauty whom we were wont to applaud with enthusiasm? She don't smile now, and her maid hasn't touched up her face yet with *Emile de Paris*, and put on the beauty spots. By-and-by, she will glide down the stage to sweet music, wearing a fascinating smile, and have flowers thrown to her. She will captivate some body then with her elegant face, and form, and dress.

Are the gorgeous scenes which we thought such a paragon of art, these dirty daubs, covered with Dutch metal and floss, coarse, and wretched, and shabby? The watercolor which looked so real, and sparkled so prettily, this muslin thing that a stout man in shirt sleeves is turning up and down, while overhead a gas man is directing his light upon it? These dresses, these armors, the gay processions and pageants, are they nothing but such cheap displays as this? All fancy goes in seeing art laid out so naked.

Everything goes by rule. The prompter touches his bells, and the machinery does its work. Trap open and close, men are pulling at ropes, and other men are fastening scenes, and putting up supports. The actors on the stage are whispering jokes to each other, or talking in low tones about that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket."

"No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time!"

BOUDOIR.—This word is used to denote a lady's private apartment, in which she receives only her most intimate friends; and it carries with it ideas of refinement and luxury. If, however, we trace the word to its origin, we find that the root, or first syllable, *boud*, is the same as our English word *pout*; and that the term signifies, literally, a place to which a woman retires to sulk—a *poutry*, as we might call it. Like many other words, however, it has lost the tinge of reproach and vulgarity it once bore, and has acquired an air of elegance which conceals all trace of its low birth.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—To cure corns, take a lemon, cut a piece off, then nick it so as to let in the toe with the corn. Tie this on at night so that it cannot move, and you will find the next morning that, with a blunt knife, the corn will come away to a great extent. Two or three applications will effect a thorough cure. Bunions are usually difficult to cure; but the following has proved a remedy in some cases: Make an ointment of half an ounce of spermaceti and twelve grains of iodine, and apply twice or thrice a day.

ESSAYS.—One of the most calmly philosophical speeches I ever heard, I leave the other day from the mouth of an urchin. The scene was a play-field attached to a most respectable academic establishment. Boys were busy cricketing, and engaged in other sports. Espying one solitary little fellow stretched out on the grass in listless abandonment of all control over his limbs, "Find the weather too warm for exertion?" I remarked. "No," he said; "but when I bore myself doing nothing, playtime seems so much longer." I have not yet recovered from the stupendous depth of this answer.

ESSAYS.—The explicit testimony of Swedenborg is that angels and spirits no more see us than we see them; that their eyes, like their other senses, are adapted only to the light of the words in which they dwell, and that if ever, in the providence of the Lord, they are permitted to look upon things of this earth, it must be through the eyes of some man yet living in the natural body, and whose senses for that reason, can be affected by our light. All the fancies, therefore, of angels floating about us in the air, and watching us and our external actions, are according to Swedenborg, illus-

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The market continues dull. About 7000 bushels sold at \$6.50-\$7.75 for superfine; \$6.50 for extra; \$9.50-\$10.50 for fresh ground Northwest family; \$10-\$12 for Penna and Ohio family, and \$12-\$15 for Penna for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN.—Prize Wheat—Sales of 20,000 bush. good to prime Penna, Western and Southern red at \$2.20-\$2.30, including common at \$2.20-\$2.10; 30,000 bush. bus of wheat at \$2.30-\$2.35; 15,000 bush. of No. 1 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 30,000 bush. of No. 2 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 3 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 4 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 5 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 6 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 7 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 8 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 9 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 10 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 11 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 12 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 13 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 14 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 15 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 16 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 17 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 10,000 bush. of No. 18 spring at \$2.30-\$2.40; 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WIT AND HUMOR.

An Item Account.

Judge L——, of Virginia, was one of the most prompt and laborious men who have done honor to the Bench. A certain Doctor R——, noted for his extortionate charges, had been called to attend a poor man during a long illness, and at its close presented a most exorbitant bill, which the patient refused to pay unless large deductions were made. The Doctor insisted upon receiving the whole, and immediately brought suit.

The case came up before Judge L——, who during its progress asked to see the account. When it was handed up it was found to consist of a single charge: "Medical Attendance —so much." The Judge required the Doctor, who was present, to specify the items. He refused to comply, and the case was thrown out of court.

When the court had adjourned the Doctor thus accosted the Judge: "That was an honest account, Judge L——; an honest account."

"I know nothing about it," said the Judge, in his sharp, decisive voice; "nothing about it, sir."

After an embarrassing silence, the Doctor began again: "Judge L——, we shall all have to give an account—an account, sir, of all the deeds done in the body."

"I know that, sir," retorted the Judge; "I know that. But it will be an item account—an item account, sir!"

The Doctor vanquished incontinently.

Not Very Complimentary.

The following story is too good to be lost, and as it must have been told by a lawyer, of course the profession will take no offence at our reproducing it. An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him?

Lawyer—The boy appears to be rather young, madam; how old is he?

Lady—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer—He is too young, decidedly too young; have you no boys older?

Lady—Oh! yes, I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him?

Lawyer—No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady—Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five he'd lie like all nature; when he got to be six he was saucy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll stell everything he can lay his hands on.

PEW WHISPERS.—Mary Ellen, anxiously: Betsy Jane, isn't my chignon coming off?

Betsy J. (pettishly).—No. Can't you move a little further? you are creasing my lace flounces.

Mary Ellen, (moving a little).—Don't you think Susan Brown looks dreadful homely? What big feet she has, and how she waddles into her pew.

Betsy Jane.—Was there ev— Oh! there's Charlie! Isn't he a perfect Adonis! How I do wish he would look our way.

Mary Ellen, (smiling sweetly).—Ah! I see him. He's looking towards us.

Betsy Jane, (angrily).—He isn't looking at you, so you needn't act like a fool. The minister's going to pray.

Mary Ellen, (snicking lemon drops).—Those long prayers of his are positively awful, and I shan't try to keep awake.

Betsy Jane (screwing through her fingers at Charlie).—Go to sleep, dear, I shan't disturb you.

Mary Ellen, (grappling).—I don't exactly say I shall—but I—I—I shall.

NOT BAD.—Jim Smith was a noted auctioneer. One day he was selling farm stock. Among the articles to be sold was a heifer, very attractive in her appearance, and consequently "Jim" dwelt quite extensively on her many excellencies, winding up his eloquent flourish that she was as "gentle as a dove." Thereupon, a long, slab-sided countryman, whose legs were some twelve inches longer than his pants, approached the heifer and stooping down commenced handling her teats. Bossy, not relishing such familiarity, lifted her hoofs and laid "Greeny" sprawling some ten feet off. "There," said "Jim," "that shows one of her best traits; she'll never allow a strange calf to come near her." "Greeny" meanwhile picked himself up, and giving his boisterous a harrowing scratch, exclaimed: "No wonder when her own calf has been bleating around her all day."

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—An agent of an accident insurance corporation regales the public with the following authentic facts:—In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being incurred in this company, he will receive \$15 a week until he recovers. Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck; he received his insurance, \$3,000, from the company, with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well. A boiler exploded in Memphis, blowing the engine into the air quite out of sight; he will receive \$15 a day until he comes down again.

VERY WELL TOLD.—The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded, in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, was requested to lend the city ten dollars.

BUSINESS MAN.—Josh Billings decries a "business man" as "a knave who steals from him, and who that he kin do his steelin'."

A difference between a man and the fool.

Actions from just con-



USUAL REWARD OF MERIT.

Jones has been trying to make himself very entertaining with his jokes to his fair neighbor—but (during a short intermission) overhears the following whispered conversation between said neighbor and a very sentimental-looking gentleman on the other side of her:

SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN.—Don't you hate fellers who are always trying to be funny?

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, so much! don't you? [Jones collapses for the remainder of the meal.]

A Good Wife.

BY MRS. J. F. T.

A good wife makes the poorest and most desolate home a paradise, and moulds the most negligent and indifferent husband into a tender and thoughtful companion. The influence of woman—quiet, imperceptible, and all persuasive—is irresistible when directed by woman's instinctive tact and affection. The clamorers for woman's rights rarely attain their object; while the meek and yielding can bind manhood with chains of roses more potent than chains of steel. The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be—"How shall I continue the love I have inspired?" How shall I preserve the heart I have won?" Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary, to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares—a shelter from the world—a home, not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him find happiness in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favor him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humor, urge him continually to think, though he may not say it—"This woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and require such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality. Cultivate and exhibit, with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face, and impart a charm where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is chilling and repulsive to his feelings. He will be very apt to seek elsewhere for these studies, and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinions of others on this subject is of very little consequence, if he approves. Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look upon your chamber as a sacred retreat from the vexations of the world—a shelter sacred to peace and affection. How indecorous, offensive and sinful it is for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say—"I will not have it so; it shall be as I like!" But we trust the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for us to enlarge on the subject.

Be careful never to join in a jest, and laugh at your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a woman; and a wife should always endeavor to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife. Let home be your empire—your world. Let it be the scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God. That fame is noblest which the true, loving, and affectionate wife secures from among the inmates of the home circle.

Delicate Hands.

A delicate and beautiful hand is considered as the especial privilege of people of leisure. It is seldom found among those women who are obliged to work hard, though they may be endowed with fine eyes, a beautiful mouth, or all other female charms. We are told that small and delicate hands

are more common in the United States than elsewhere; but perhaps we should hesitate in accepting this compliment to the good looks of our women at the expense of their industry.

A well-made hand should be delicate and somewhat long. The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent. The fingers must be long, pulpy, and tapering, forming like decorated columns of perfect proportion. When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which should be slightly prominent when the hand is closed. Each finger ought to be gently curved on the back and somewhat flat on the palmar side. The thumb should not pass beyond the middle joint of the fore finger, which should terminate when extended precisely at the base of the nail of the middle one. The ring finger ought not to extend more than half-way up the nail of the same, and the little finger should be exactly of the length of the two joints of its neighbors.

The palm of the hand, when open, should be somewhat deep, and bordered with a slightly curved and pulpy cushion of flesh. The skin of the whole should be delicate, smooth, mostly white, but here and there slightly tinted with rose color. The fingers must have an air of ease and flexibility. The common habit of stretching their joints with the view of making them snap is fatal to their regularity of proportion and beauty.

Using the Left Hand.

It is a very old custom to quiz the Celestials about the cramping shoe wherewith they were wont to afflict the Celestial fair; but why do we with all our wisdom, persist in condemning the left hand to comparative uselessness? There is no reason in nature for it. It is every bit as well endowed as the right, and possesses, if anything, more delicacy of touch. A button-polisher at Birmingham realized a fortune by departing from our time-honored custom. He set his people to polish with both hands at once, and thus exceeded nearly double the quantity of work and attained a more brilliant surface. Is there, after all, any latent cause for this general tying-up of the left? We have never heard of one, and have quite failed to discover any. Let any one persistently try it for a time, and he will find the neglected one soon enter into competition with the right. It improves both.

This reminds us of one of the professional associates of our youth. Our friend W. was the most artistic colorist of mechanical drawings we ever knew; and though not remarkable for industry, he would, when in haste to finish a drawing, take a brush in each hand and get over the surface with remarkable rapidity. Those familiar with the subject will understand not only how much quicker, but how more evenly a large wash could be laid on by working in this way, and also with what facility the shading could be performed by laying on the color with one hand and softening it with the other. It may be difficult at mature age to cultivate the use of both hands, but there is no doubt that by the encouragement of the habit in the young, the use of the left hand with the same facility as the right may easily be acquired.

Mothers.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or emperors on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or uttermost grief in the coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea-shore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write words or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in the treatment of her child! How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.

Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour, with a pint and a half of milk, half a teacup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonsful of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture and bake muffins to a light brown.

LEMON TEA CAKES.—Rub half a pound of butter into a pound of flour; add half a pound of finely-sifted sugar, grate the rind of two lemons and squeeze in the juice of one, and two eggs. Mix all well together, roll out the paste, cut into shapes and bake in a slow oven.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF WOOLEN.

If there is any thickness of grease, such as drops from a lighted candle, it should be scraped off the surface. This can be most effectively done when the grease has become cold. To take out the remainder, make a common poker red hot, and hold the heated end over the greasy spots, about one and a half inch from the material, moving the poker a little backwards and forwards to prevent scorching. If the material is fine, such as French merino, it is better to place a piece of blotting paper over the spots, to prevent the hot poker from scorching or taking the color out; but for thick things, such as table covers, blotting paper is not necessary.

AGRICULTURAL.

Judging Horses by Appearance.

I offer the following suggestions, the result of my close observation and long experience: If the color be light, sorrel or chestnut, his feet, legs and face white—those are marks of kindness. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse for being trained to anything; as respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if well fed. If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish faced. He may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go-ahead in him to be safe with every body. If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay with not a white hair about him. If his face is a little dished, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse that is not an expert rider; they are always tricky and unsafe. If you want one that will never give out, never buy a large, overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand the heat, nor a white one the cold. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about the head, the more the better. Selections thus made are of great docility and gentleness—Exchange Paper.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 57 letters. My 24, 44, 54, 10, 18, 32, 49, 27, is an animal mentioned in the Bible. My 21, 12, 28, 18, 50, 5, 57, is a precious stone. My 6, 1, 53, 9, 46, 42, is an article of clothing. My 43, 3, 38, 29, 53, 13, are inhabitants of a Mohammedan Paradise. My 8, 47, 37, 36, 23, 17, 53, 56, 19, is a beautiful gem. My 31, 15, 34, 41, 20, is an Anglo-Saxon Deity. My 2, 16, 48, 8, 35, 11, 54, 39, 14, 26, 56, 28, is a plant of cactus tribe, sometimes used as a torch. My 30, 38, 18, 51, 4, 55, 46, 40, is a town in Scotland. My 35, 32, 33, 23, is a variety of chalcedony of a brownish red color. My 7 is the 13th letter in the Ethiopian Alphabet. My whole is a saying well worth remembering.

Riddle.

My 1st is in warm, but not in cold; My 2nd is in bought, but not in sold; My 3rd is in quarrel, but not in fight; My 4th is in wither, but not in blight; My 5th is in heart, but not in hand; My 6th is in water, but not in land; My 7th is in peach, but not in plum; My 8th is in deaf, but not in dumb; My 9th is in green, but not in blue; My 10th is in one, but not in two; My 11th is in kitten, but not in cat; My 12th is in mouse, but not in rat; My 13th is in roam, but not in rove; My 14th is in wood, but not in grove; My 15th is in paint, but not in saw; My 16th is in file, but not in saw; My 17th is in sail, but not in row; My 18th is in plant, but not in sow; My 19th is in shawl, but not in cloak; My 20th is in elm, but not in oak; My 21st is in brass, but not in tin; My 22nd is in crime, but not in sin; My 23rd is in sight, but not in weep; My 24th is in spring, but not in leap; My 25th is in monarch, but not in king; My 26th is in play, but not in sing; My 27th is in wasp, but not in bee; My 28th is in hear, but not in see; My 29th is in youth, but not in age; My 30th is in prison, but not in cage; My 31st is in fearless, but not in bold; My 32nd is in whip, but not in scold; My 33rd is in stay, but not in go; My 34th is in yes, but not in no; My whole is an old saying.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Cambridge, O.

Perpetuity Movement Question.

Supposing a ball beginning to move towards the moon; flying with such velocity that it would accomplish 720 miles the first hour; but with such diminishing ratio of speed that each successive hour it would only move 8-9th of the distance it had moved the preceding hour. How much nearer would it be to the moon at the end of all eternity?

EDWARD C. AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

Diephantine Problem.

Find the two least integral numbers, such that their sum may be a square, and the sum of their squares a fourth power.

Baltimore, Md. MELVILLE.

EDWARD C. AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.